

Don't Go Changing, Sandy Torahamu

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Summary: MaxwellxSandy oneshot dedicated to SatuSuzu. It's cute and kinda funny so read and review if you please! Arigato!

Don't Go Changing, Sandy Torahamu

**\*\*This is a oneshot dedicated to Satu-Suzu because she won a free oneshot. I hope you like it Satu-chan! Sorry if it isn't what you expectedâ€¦\*\***

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"More tea over here!"

"Can I have another fork?"

"I'd like two apple pastries please!"

"The service here is slow today."

Cries from angry and anxious customers of the Hamuja CafÃ© rang out in all directions that Saturday afternoon. Waiters and waitresses rushed in and out of the kitchen so fast they were all a blur. Everyone was busy and occupied.

In fact, only one staff member in the entire cafÃ© wasn't working; a certain red-haired teen with a nameplate on her chest that read "Sandy Torahamu."

Sandy was waiting.

Suddenly the manager yelled, "Mr. Maxwell is here! Somebody get him a table!"

Another waitress by the name of Sparkle was already halfway to the desk, but Sandy pushed her out of the way, tripped on a lemon wedge, and ended up having to do a triple back handspring before landing

cleanly in front of Maxwell.

"Right this way, Max!" said Sandy. Maxwell came to the café every week, so Sandy knew him well enough to call him Max.

"The usual table?" Sandy said, gesturing towards a small sunny booth by the window.

"Many thanks, Ms." He responded, taking a seat and peering at the menu. "Let's see. I'll have-

"A small garden salad, a glass of soymilk and a fudge brownie?" Sandy answered, reciting Maxwell's usual order.

"Yes please." Maxwell said as Sandy scribbled down something on her notepad.

Sandy was about to walk into the kitchen to give the chef the order, when two girls in front of the door stopped her.

"Bijou! Pashmina!" Sandy called the names of her fellow waitresses (and best friends.)

"Sandy, what's going on?" Pashmina asked, shooting her a strange look.

"What do you mean?" Sandy answered.

"This happens every Saturday afternoon." Bijou implied. "You sit around waiting, and when Maxwell comes in, you shove whoever's in your way to the side and make sure that you're always the one who gets to serves him."

"And what did you write on your notepad?" Pashmina asked, reaching for it.

Sandy swiftly put the notepad behind her back and said, "What do you mean? It's um, just the order!"

"Oh come now." Bijou said. "You've been serving Maxwell forever. Surely you've memorized the order by now. Let's see what you really have written!"

Bijou snatched the notepad and she and Pashmina looked at what was written. Almost the entire page was filled up with the words 'Sandy Noppo' and at the bottom was a crude stick figure drawing of Sandy and Maxwell holding hands.

"How long have you liked him?" Pashmina asked.

Sandy thought a minute and decided on the truth and said, "Quite some time."

"Was it love at first sight?" asked Bijou.

"No." Sandy answered. "At first I could have cared less, but every week I served him, I liked him more and more."

"Okay then!" responded Pashmina. "Me and Bij will let you get down to business."

Pashmina and Bijou flashed each other a smile, and they left.

Sandy entered the kitchen.

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A while later, Sandy came out of the kitchen carrying Maxwell's food. She walked over to his table.

"Here ya are, Maxwell!" she chimed happily, setting the food down.

Suddenly, another waitress popped up behind Sandy carrying some more food.

"Here you are sir." The waitress said, putting the dished on the table. "An order of chicken strips and a root beer float."

"Feeling extra hungry today Maxwell?" Sandy joked as the waitress left.

"Actually," Maxwell smiled. "A girl with blue ribbons and a girl with a pink scarf told me that it was your favorite order, and I was hoping that you would join me for lunch."

"Are you serious?" Sandy responded.

"Is that a no?" Maxwell smiled again.

"It's a yes of course," Sandy said. "But you didn't have to buy me lunch."

She took a seat.

"It's my pleasure Ms. Torahamu." Maxwell grinned.

"Oh please, you make me sound so old. You know me well enough, call me Sandy."

"You know Sandy," said Maxwell intelligently. "This is the first time I've really gotten to talk to you."

"Yeah, I guess it is." Sandy responded, taking a sip of her float.

"It's kind of funny, how you always seem to be my waitress." Maxwell smiled.

"Yeah, that is funny!" Sandy answered.

"I guess we have quite some luck." Maxwell said. "Or maybe 'tis fate that doth bringeth us together."

Sandy didn't know how to respond and merely bit off a piece of chicken.

"Tell me Sandy," Maxwell asked kindly. "Do you enjoy

reading?"

"Sure." Replied Sandy. "Like Harry Potter and Lord of the Rings and stuff?"

"No, no, no you silly!" Maxwell grinned charmingly. "I mean literature like Shakespeare. Edgar Allen Poe and Robert Frost."

"Oh, of course!" Sandy lied. "I um, love all those dead guys!"

Maxwell laughed a bit and said, "Well, since we both enjoy the classics, would you like to accompany me to a literature discussion after lunch at the library?"

'Sure,' thought Sandy. 'There's nothing more I'd like to do than talk with a bunch of stuffy old men about boring books written by dead guys. But Maxwell will be there so I might as well go.'

"Sure I'll go Maxy!" Sandy said happily. "When should we go?"

"Let's finish up here and head off." Maxwell answered.

After Maxwell and Sandy finished and paid, the two set off towards the library. Once, Sandy tried to go the wrong way.

"It's this way, Sandy." Maxwell said, grabbing her hand and directing her towards the correct path.

"Right" Sandy said, turning faintly red when Maxwell touched her hand.

Eventually the young duo found themselves outside a small library on the corner of the street. Maxwell and Sandy walked inside and were met with a chorus of hellos from many people, who seemed to know Maxwell very well.

One particular girl walked up to Maxwell and hugged him profusely. Sandy felt a tinge of jealousy.

"Good day, Lavender." Maxwell said to the girl, which had light purple hair braided into a long braid down her back.

"Same to you, Maxwell!" giggled Lavender.

"Attention!" shouted the owner of the library. "Today's discussion will be on the topic of famous author Lillian Hamona's classic 'Melodies of the Hamu Gardens.'"

"Ah, one of my favorites!" Maxwell sighed. Many, including Lavender, nodded in agreement.

"Before the discussion begins, I'd like to introduce you all to a friend of mine." Maxwell said. "This is Sandy Torahamu. She works at Hamuja Café. Sandy, of all these people, the one I'd like you to meet most is Lavender. She is a great friend of mine and she enjoys the classics too."

"Pleased to meet you." Said Lavender, shaking Sandy's hand less than half-heartedly.

"With that out of the way, let the discussion begin!" cried the owner.

"So, Lavender, what do you think of 'Melodies of the Hamu Gardens?'" Maxwell asked casually.

"I enjoyed the overall flow of the piece." Said Lavender. "I also enjoyed the theme of woman's rights."

"How about you Sandy?" Maxwell questioned.

"Ummâ€|" Sandy stuttered. "I have to go to the bathroom."

She left Maxwell and Lavender, but instead of going to the bathroom, she went to a small display of books and picked out the one labeled 'Melodies of the Hamu Gardens.'

"She quickly picked a page and glanced at the words: "The trees were as bleak as a dove without wings."

She quickly scurried back to Maxwell and Lavender.

"So Sandy, you haven't answered the question." Lavender said suspiciously.

"Oh, right." Said Sandy. "I liked how she described trees as a dove without wings."

"Mm, yesâ€|" Lavender agreed. "Who's your favorite character?"

"I'm going to get a drink of water." Sandy said, running off again.

She found the book again and read off a random page, "Rachel sat down against the tree trunk."

She set the book down and reached Maxwell and Lavender again.

"Rachelâ€|" she panted. "I like Rachelâ€|"

"Rachel is quite a character." Maxwell recited. "What do you like best about her?"

"Um, what's that?" cried Sandy, pointing to a random point behind the two.

Lavender and Maxwell both swung around, and in that moment, Sandy darted back to the display and picked up a book.

She read from the page, "Her scarlet hair clashed brilliantly with her purple sweater."

Sandy darted back in a flash. "Sorry, I thought I saw something."

"It's quite alright." Maxwell replied smiling happily. "So why do you like Rachel?"

"I like her scarlet hair and her purple sweater." Sandy gasped.

"Er, Sandy," said Lavender. "Rachel had deep brown hair, and in her time, purple was reserved for royalty only. Rachel was a peasant."

"Huh?" Sandy looked confused. She looked back at the book she had looked in. The title was 'Dreaming and Believing.'

"Oh snap!" she whispered to herself.

"Sandy," spoke Maxwell sternly. "What's going on? You keep running away from us, and now you don't seem to know what book we're talking about."

"Well Iâ€¦Iâ€¦sigh." Sandy said, defeated. "I can't keep lying to you. I lied about reading those books. The truth is I really don't like them at all! I find this stuff incredibly boring and I haven't read any of the books you were talking about!"

"Why did you lie?" Maxwell asked sadly.

"Don't you get it?" Sandy said, crying lightly now. "I really, really like you Max. But I was afraid that if you knew I wasn't interested in any this stuff, you wouldn't like me."

"Sandy Iâ€¦" Maxwell began.

"It's okay, now I know how you feel." Sandy cried. "I'll leave you here with your beloved Lavender!"

Sandy ran out the door and down the street.

Maxwell sighed.

"You like her, didn't you?" asked Lavender calmly.

Maxwell flashed her a sad smile. "Yeahâ€¦"

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Sandy cried for a while on her bed. She was extremely upset and she couldn't seem to get her emotions under control.

"Sandy?" said Pashmina from outside the door.

"Don't come in," Sandy wiped her tears. "I don't want you to see me like this, Pash."

"I understand." Pashmina said. "But before I go, someone wanted me to give you this."

A small envelope slid in from under the door.

Sandy wiped the rest of her tears and opened it. A small piece of paper flew out, and Sandy read.

\_Don't go changing, Sandy Torahamu.\_

Though there was no name, Sandy knew who it was from.

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\*\*Well, there you have it! Hoped you liked it, Satu! Please review!\*\*

End  
file.